

## The Evening World

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## FLEABITE FINES.

The fine of \$25 imposed on a rich young automobilist yesterday for breaking the Speed law will have about as much effect in checking this form of madness as a fleabite would in stopping the run of a mad dog.

The attention of city magistrates is again invited to this startling and unwholesome record:

Auto casualties in and about New York since January..... 793  
Victims killed..... 62  
Crippled for life..... 50 to 70  
Penalties other than fines..... 0

Is not this ENCOURAGING MANSLAUGHTER in the streets of New York? Have the people no right to safety in their own thoroughfares? If District-Attorney Jerome will apply to this great wrong some of the persistence for which he has become noted in other directions he can render a great public service.

## THE GLORY OF THE PARK.

It's Robert B. Roosevelt and the other men who want to cut-up or set down Central Park had visited that pleasure-ground-of-the-people on Saturday and Sunday they would be more or less than human had they not changed their opinion then and there.

Saturday was the children's day, and 20,000 or more happy youngsters, arrayed with all the gaiety of New York's "May day parties," marched, ran and tumbled, played, sang and shouted on every bit of "open" lawn or field or woods from Fifty-ninth to One Hundred and Tenth street and from Eighth avenue to Fifth. No prettier picture was ever seen, and no other 842 acres on this footstool held more of innocent delight and unalloyed happiness than did our peerless Central Park on this perfect May day.

Sunday was "family day," and seemingly all New York was out to enjoy it. The driveways were crowded with everything on wheels, from the gorgeous four-in-hand and touring auto to the plainest domestic carry-all and the hired buggy from the livery stable. The walks were thronged, the seats all taken, the lake was dotted with boats, and in every part the wisest public reservation ever made by far-seeing citizens of a great metropolis was devoted to the uses for which it was created—the health, pleasure and happiness of the people.

Therefore, Hands Off the Park!

## A CURIOUS CASE.

In New Jersey adultery is a crime. In the Warren County court the judge gave a woman convicted of adultery her choice of either going back to live with her husband and children or serving a year's sentence in State prison. She chose the year in State prison.

This is a remarkable case. The woman is not a person in common disrepute or general loose conduct. She justified her course in going to live with a man other than her husband with the statement that her husband had been brutal to her and that the other man was kind. The other man is serving a sentence of two years in State prison for his part in the offense. So the choice offered to her was not between living with the other man and her husband, but between returning to her husband and going to jail.

Such cases as this raise doubts as to the ability of masculine legislatures and courts to deal with feminine affairs. No case is recorded where a man would rather go to State prison than live with his wife and children. The New Jersey case illustrates again that no man fully understands a woman's nature. It is doubtful whether the woman understands it herself.

## BLACK SMOKE THAT COMES BACK.

The mind of New York runs easily back to the time when the New Jersey Glucose Company promised an end of its soft coal smoke nuisance. It was only a few months ago. The company blew its own trumpets not a little over what was to come. Furnace improvements costing \$135,000, or some such amount, were to bring about the great reform.

There came a day when the promise seemed to be fulfilled. The reporter of an esteemed morning contemporary saw the black terror fade away at the company smoke stack, to be replaced by a modest blue haze. Rejoicings arose all along the Riverside district of Manhattan. The joy was deep. It was also brief.

The black smoke vanished for a season. The malodorous gas and chemical fumes from the glucose factory continued to invade Riverside homes, night and day, whenever the wind was right. They are invading still. And the smoke has returned.

Last Saturday night a huge mourning band stretched across the Hudson River, arched over the middle of Riverside Drive and hung in air, dripping with smudge, as far eastward as the west side eye could see. Sunday night the black nuisance came over at a different angle, striking Manhattan further downtown.

It is not a neighborly thing that New Jersey permits this outrage upon the people of a State next door. On the part of New York there should be early steps toward whatever heroic remedies may seem to offer more than company promises for the abatement of the nuisance.

We are sorry to have to remind Mr. Belmont again that the lighting of the Subway cars is poor—very poor.

What shall it profit a man if he gain a hundred millions and lose the power to digest his "vitals?"

The People's Corner.  
Letters from Evening World Readers

## Subway Ventilation.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In the subway now that the days are warm, people open the windows from the top. This does not purify the air in the cars, but merely sends an ice-cold draught of more or less deoxygenized air down one's back and blows one's hat and newspaper. There is quite as good ventilation from the overhead ventilators. Moreover it is never unpleasantly warm in the subway trains. People, before you get pneumonia, stop this silly habit of pulling down subway windows.

CYRUS L. SMITH.

## The Magic of Whiskers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Did you ever stop to think what a valuable asset a set of whiskers is to a man who wants to get public confidence or to pose as a dignitary? Shave off Dowie's whiskers and what show can one make a suggestion?

would he have to convince the crowd that he is a prophet? Dewhiskerize a lot of pompous old notables, and would the crowd trust them for an hour? Readers, what is there about whiskers that makes for dignity and public trust? Figure it out and discuss it.

OBSEVANT.  
A Wood Problem.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Readers, here is a little problem to work over: How many cubic feet of lumber are contained in a stick 36 feet long, 10 inches wide and 10 inches thick? Is it proper to call the result square feet or cubic feet? TIMOTHY F. JERSEY CITY.

Who Next?  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Kindly permit me to say if Roosevelt will not accept the nomination for next term let the press of the country select a man, one who has the ability, who can make a suggestion? CHAS. EBY.

## The New Big Stick

By J. Campbell Cory.



## Said on the Side.

NOTED that it is a Wisconsin man who has been engaged to teach the Spanish King English. Some surmises likely to be felt that if the choice of a tutor was to be made from a region west of Boston Indiana should have been overlooked. Some doubt, too, as to whether a Wisconsin teacher can supply Alfonso with that copiousness of vocabulary and aptness of phrase which a pupil of Devery or "Chuck" Connors would acquire. Need of a little post-graduate instruction in a Bovey language school to put the finishing touches on the King's English.

Regarding Indiana English, critic of the London Post says McCutcheon's new book is "written in English and not American." Question whether Kokomo will regard this as a compliment or an allegation of Anglophobia.

"Ex-Judge fined \$100 for talking too much in court." Should have reserved his remarks for a fraternity banquet.

"City Richer by Another Great Restaurant." More nearly accurate to say "poorer," with lobster and wurzburger at present prices.

Speaking of restaurants, one of the courses to be taught at the new evening trade school will be the art of drawing up a menu card. Pupils to qualify for employment at a first-class restaurant will need to be proficient in higher arithmetic.

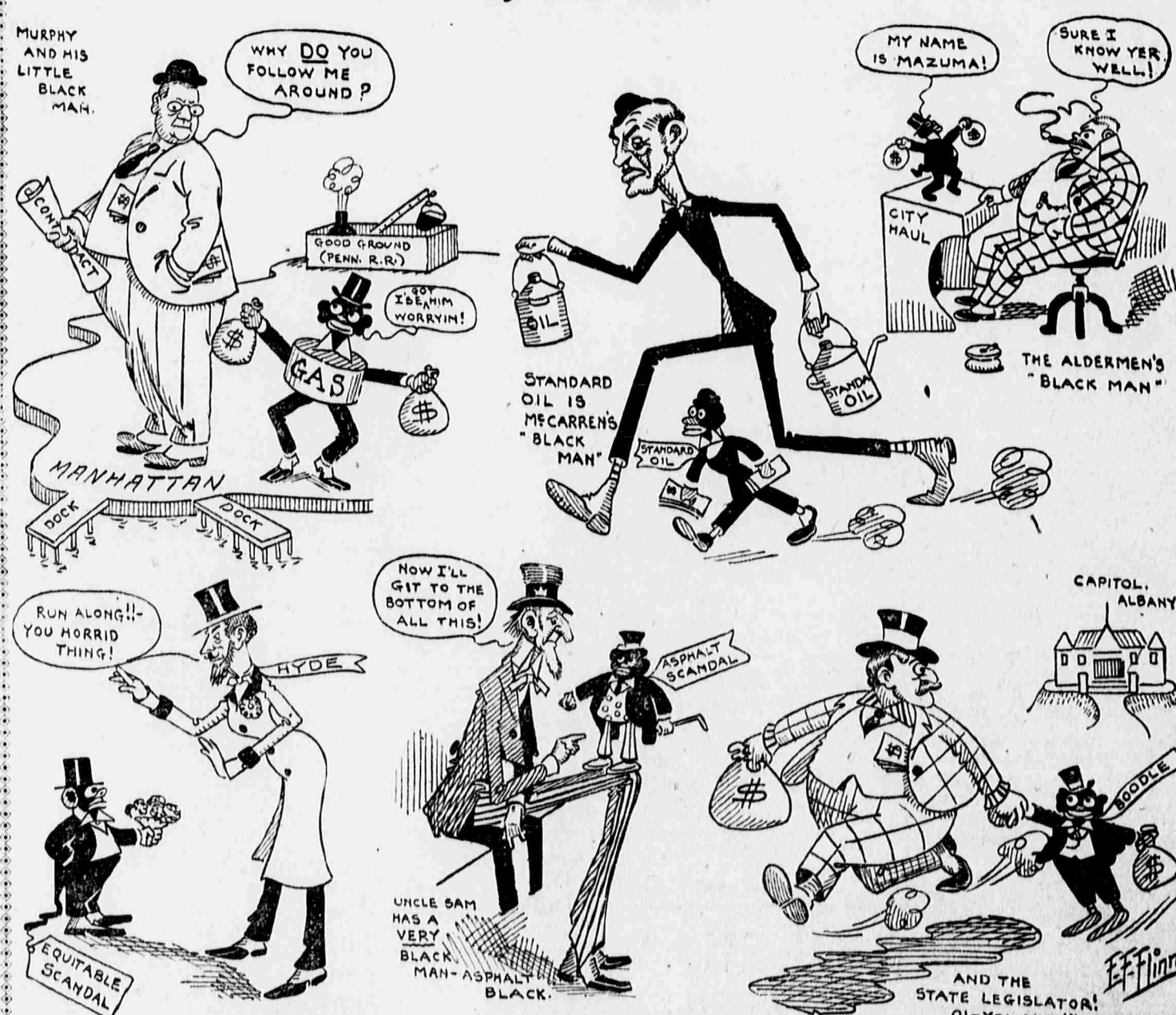
Raids of suspected club-houses recently have revealed the members partaking in strawberry festivals or singing hymns or indulging in light calisthenics. Dr. Osier evidently misinformed in believing that Manhattan is given to frivolousness.

Declared that hypnotism once saved a man afflicted with a double brain. Observed before that Jersey justice is not a good hypnotic subject.

Said of the Health Commissioner that "the total daily importation of microbes in the milk supplied to this city is 600,000,000,000." When a scientific gent sets out to calculate it is not so much his figures as his elphers on the side which count.

## Their "Little Black Men."

By E. F. Flinn.



## Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

"Ah," he said, "I didn't quite understand when we were introduced whether you were spoken of as Miss or Mrs. Darlington. Are you, may I ask, married or unmarried?"

"Well," replied Jokeley, "there's 'ton-sorial emporium' and 'hair-cutting parlor'—Philadelphia Press.

"Yes," said the clerk, "if it wasn't for several severe attacks of dyspepsia, I'd have a good-paying job by now."

"I didn't know you suffered from dyspepsia."

"Oh, my! yes. My boss has had an attack of it every time I applied for a job."—Philadelphia Press.

"Say, wot's de matter wit' Chinnmy? D's mornin' he got a crack wit' a golf ball an' he says, 'Oh, gracious! my goodness, Oh, me! Oh, my! Oh, sugar! wot's de matter wit' im?'"

"Wot's he sayin' for de Blesin' got just joined de club."—Brownson's Age.

## AGGRESSIVE BASEBALL.

A Vitascopic-Stenographic Report of an Interview with Manager John T. McGraw.

By Martin Green.

Is it true, Mr. McGraw, that you have applied for membership in the Peace Society? A. It sure is. I have instructed all my players that we must have peace on the ball field even if it becomes necessary to bite a piece out of the face of a player on the other nine.

Q. How long have you been a baseball team manager? A. Ever since I got in the team, whether I had the title or not.

Q. Do you consider yourself the greatest baseball general in the business? A. Well, I've got the goods on me if it comes to a frisk.

Q. Do you think dirty baseball is justifiable? A. I never heard of it. Dirty baseball is a fake invented by the baseball reporters.

Q. But as for aggressive baseball? A. That's a different proposition. Baseball is different from croquet, and the people like to see their idols hustle.

Q. Of course you consider that the winning baseball player is the idol of the people? A. I don't consider it; I know it. Look at me! There's



"The Poor People of New York Are Entitled to Some Excitement." hardly a town I go to where they don't foam at the mouth the minute I step on the field.

Q. Do you ever talk back to the fans who abuse you from the stand? A. Say, who do you think you're interviewing? Dummy Taylor?

Q. Don't the rules provide that the umpire shall be the final judge of play and cannot reverse his decisions? A. What are the rules between magnates?

Q. In your opinion, do the patrons of the Polo Grounds care for scraps with their ball games? A. Since the Horton Law was repealed I think the poor people of New York are entitled to some excitement.

Q. Is the antagonism of your team toward Pittsburgh due to fear that Pittsburgh may beat you out for the pennant? A. We're not afraid of a beating from Pittsburgh at any game.

Q. Would you advise a young man of promise to enter professional baseball? A. Not unless he has a punch.

Q. How about the report that you favor boxing gloves for ball players in every game? A. That is a mistake. The temptation to hide horseshoes in the gloves would be irresistible.

Q. Are you an advocate of the hit and run policy? A. Not on the count of ten. My policy is hit first and follow it up.

Q. Do you object to being called Muggsy? A. I do not. My face grew on me, and anyhow, as Eddy Foy says, 'tis Nature's dower.

Q. Can you give your opinion of the status of the ordinary baseball reporter? A. I could, but what's the use? Anthony Comstock wouldn't do a thing to you if you printed it.

## No \$100,000 Salary Paid.

By John A. Howland.

BEFORE you go any further, young man, there are no salaried positions in the United States now paying, or promising to pay as much as \$100,000 a year. President Roosevelt found his \$100,000 man for the Panama canal, but it was a bargain-counter deal and the man is getting only \$5,000 salary. Some men who are on salaries are making \$100,000 a year out of the position, but where they are it is because of stock investments in the concerns. The man who gets a salary of \$25,000 a year is making good money, for almost any class of merely executive business brain and all beyond it is comparatively easy money.

In the world of business, according to dividend paying business principles, a man who might draw a salary of \$100,000 a year would be required to turn into the profits of the concern in which he was employed at least three times the amount of his salary, and he has to do it. Howland in the Chicago Tribune. It will be conceded that this \$100,000 man could have no place. Sted had always been regarded as the great field for big salaries in the industrial world, but when Clarke went from the International Harvester to the Presidency of the Lackawanna Steel, even the press agency figures stopped at \$50,000 as his annual salary. Bird, of the Vanderbilt system of railroads, is the recognized greatest authority on traffic in this country, with a salary somewhere between \$25,000 and \$40,000 a year. Paul Morton, an Second Vice-President of the Santa Fe, is supposed to have drawn \$25,000 salary, and he has both prestige and ability for the position. Last year the bond expert in one of the smaller banks of Chicago made his \$50,000, according to the best judgment of the story. But only \$5,000 of this was salary—the rest was the result of his knowledge of the bond market and his ability to invest for himself as he saw the opportunity.

There are 4,000 physicians in Chicago, of all ages and conditions. Lumping the profession, the gossip of its members is that at least 1,000 of these physicians earn less than \$1,000 a year; 2,000 of them are earning from \$1,000 to \$3,000, and beyond \$3,000 and yet short of \$100,000 a year are the remaining 600 of the medical directory.

One of the oldest technological schools in the country has kept a tab on its graduates in the class of 1894, when 185 were turned out into the field of practical arts. The results indicate a much higher salary for the technical man than for the practitioner of medicine. According to this tabulation the average salary for the 185 graduates of that year is \$3,082, with forty-five of the graduates receiving salaries above this average, and nearly every individual receiving \$1,500 and over.

## The Clown's Thankless Lot.

By Jiggs Arnold.

IT is the funniest thing in the world to the people who sit in the reserved seats and laugh at the antics of the Forty Funny Fellows, but to the clowns it is a different matter—quite different. They make their living clowning; it is their trade, or rather for the good clown comes perilously near to being an artist—their profession.

An actor gets his part in a play. It is his work to do that part to the best of his ability. A playwright makes the part for him. The clown makes his own part and goes on and acts it. And his work is harder work than that of the actor. He has to be an acrobat, "slap stick" man and actor all rolled into one. His stunt may be to chase a fellow clown about a ring, or it may be to imitate a rooster, or play a ball game all by himself. Much of his value to a circus, and consequently, the size of his salary, will depend upon his versatility and his ingenuity in "finding" new parts.

For the general run of clowns there is no fixed salary scale. A man may make \$20 a week and he may make \$100 or more.

A man can't be a clown unless he is born to it, and if he is born to it, he will be paid accordingly. It is not uncommon to find a clown of twenty years' experience, and when one such clown is found he is sure to be a real "artist" of a clown. He begins the work because he likes it, and he stays with it because it is his profession, says Jiggs Arnold in the Chicago Tribune.

In the old days a clown did not need to be anything but a clown. A few of them came out into the ring, leaped over each other or batted each other over the head with a rubber bag at the end of a stick. Now that is all changed. The clowns all have their stunts except the "dubs" who are allowed to play the "minor parts." Entire companies of them appear in the ring at the same time and put on burlesques of no inconsequential importance.

It is usually the "show boy," the young fellow who runs away from home and travels with the circus just because he likes the glamour of the life, the sights of the rings and the antics of the sawdust, who becomes the clown. Men don't go into it as a general rule deliberately, as they choose a profession. If a circus manager sees a youngster about the show whose appearance suggests that he might make a good clown he is apt to be given a tryout. If the youngster makes good in his debut, and it is just as apparent that he makes good or doesn't as it is on a stage, he becomes a clown. His pay may be \$20 to start with or it may be more. Few clowns are paid less than this figure. His position will be good just so long as he does his work regular and stays "good." If he loses interest in his work it is instantly discernible, and then the clown loses his job or braces up quickly. There is no future for the average clown. A few have graduated from the clown's costume to the position of ring masters or even circus managers and owners, but most of them have not.

There is no living on a reputation made in the past in the clown's job, for his name does not appear on the bills, and the public knows him only through the work he does. The clown. A few clowns have died rich. Most of them have